

MR. WILLIAM (BUNTY) SMITH

By G. W. Ogden

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

To designate Smith from Smith, both being named William, the people of Tow Head Junction resorted to the primitive expedient of rechristening them according to their distinct physical characteristics. William Smith, the widower, was tall, so they gave him the name of Shanghai; William Smith, the bachelor, was short, and for twenty years they had spoken to and of him as Bunty. Neither enjoyed a middle name, and neither was resourceful enough to supply a distinguishing initial. The postmaster at Tow Head Junction never knew whether a letter was for Shanghai or for Bunty. He could generally place postal cards in the proper box by studying their contents.

Bunty, by reason of lack of experience, had matrimonial aspirations. Shanghai, who lived at the other end of the village street, was resting in full enjoyment of the respite death had given him from a somewhat overstraining term in the yoke. When he tired of his own cooking, he went and stayed with his married daughter a week. Bunty had been seriously considering the Widow Dunnigan for three years. He had gone over the ground and knew she was ready to become a member of his household upon invitation. Just as he had made up his mind to make his formal proposal he received a matrimonial paper through the mail. At least he got it out of the post office, and it was addressed to William Smith. The sender may have intended it for Shanghai.

That paper opened a new perspective to Bunty. He never dreamed that the matrimonial market offered such possibilities. It became plain to him that he had been fooling away his time with the Widow Dunnigan, faded, somewhat wrinkled and owning but twenty-five acres of bottom land. Here were ladies—the paper spoke of them always as “ladies,” who appeared willing to marry anybody, and some of them had \$25,000 in cash. Bunty opened correspondence. To make sure his letters would not fall into the hands of Shanghai, he directed the ladies to address them thus: “William (Bunty) Smith.”

William (Bunty) Smith soon began to receive no fewer than two letters from each mail. The superscription was so unmistakably feminine that the postmaster mentioned it to the loungers. They twitted Bunty and told him he would prejudice his chances with the Widow Dunnigan if he persisted in his trifling with ladies' hearts by mail. Bunty laughed. He could marry the Widow Dunnigan any day, he thought. What he was after was bigger fish. He finally sifted the choices down to two. According to their uncontroverted statements one was a widow with \$12,000 in mining stock, the other a maiden lady of means. Her mysterious reserve on the question of means led Bunty to believe she must at least own a bank, possibly a railroad. To these ladies he sent his photograph, taken ten years previously, when he attended the Grand Army encampment. He also gave them to understand that he was able to support a wife as a wife should be supported and that he did not so much value means as a faithful heart and a face free from wrinkles.

Bunty made progress. He arranged with the two women to meet him on a certain day in the city, twenty miles from Tow Head Junction, one at the union station at one hour, the other at the post office at another. One was to wear a pink, the other a white rose. Bunty marked himself apart from all mankind by tying a red ribbon in his lapel buttonhole. He did not get to the post office that morning, but took the 9:10 train for the city. When Shanghai went after his mail the postmaster handed him a letter. “Ain't for Bunty, I reckon,” he said, “as it's addressed ‘Jist William.’” Shanghai opened the letter and read:

Dear William—Looking at the map, I see Tow-Head Junction is very near the city. I find the first train from the city reaches Tow Head Junction fifteen minutes before the train you will leave on, gets there, so I have decided to go to Tow Head. Meet me on the station platform. I will wear a pink. CAROLINE.

“Must be for Bunty,” Shanghai reflected as he set out to look him up. Jim Daniels said he saw Bunty at the depot and that he heard him ask for a ticket to the city. Before Shanghai got there the 9:10 came, but the train from the city had not arrived. At the depot they said it was thirty minutes late. Bunty was to meet Caroline at the union station in the city at 10 o'clock. Caroline was the maiden lady with means. He had named 10 o'clock as the hour for seeing the widow who held the mining stock at the post office. The widow also consulted time tables and maps. She found that she could get a train to Tow Head Junction that would put her down there at 8:55 and that she could return to the city at noon. She decided to run out and look the place over. So when the train from the city which should have arrived at Tow Head before Bunty left stopped two women got off. One wore a pink pinned to her bosom, the other a white rose. The one adorned by the rose was fat, short, broad faced and masculine. The tall woman scanned the men on the station platform. There was not a gleam of red ribbon on any of them.

“Is Mr. William Smith here?” she asked the agent.

“That tall gentleman over there,” he answered, pointing out Shanghai, who, having missed Bunty, had forgotten the letter and Caroline. The fat woman, who was standing near, with hands on her hips and a pale be-

tweet her feet, critically surveying the peaceful, dusty landscape whereon Tow Head was a dot, heard the query and answer. She picked up her grip and headed for Shanghai. The tall one reached him first.

“Is this Mr. William Smith?” she said.

Shanghai bowed. “That's my name,” he replied.

“Well,” said the tall one, “I am Caroline.”

The fat one approached. “Is this Smith—William Smith?” was her stern query.

“The same, madam,” Shanghai answered, somewhat confused at the attention.

“I am Maudie,” she explained.

Light dawned on Shanghai. “Ladies,” said he, “I am William Smith, but not your William. He is known as Bunty. I am Shanghai.”

Confusion followed. The women accused each other of treachery and Shanghai of deceit. They drew a crowd.

“If you will walk up the road with me, I may be able to explain,” Shanghai suggested. They went. Half an hour later the fat one returned. She told the agent she had been tricked and deceived by William, otherwise Bunty. Smith and that she would not live in a hole like Tow Head for all the Smiths in the world. Shanghai and the tall one came along later. They all took the 11:35 train for the city.

Bunty kept his trust faithfully and returned, downcast and disappointed, to Tow Head on the 6:15. He did not see Shanghai and his female companion until they stepped from the train at home. Then Shanghai took a letter from his pocket and handed it to Bunty. “She forgot to put the ‘Bunty’ on the envelope this time,” he said, “and so she found me ‘stead of you. Now she's my wife.”

Bunty looked at the letter. “Caroline,” said he. Then he studied Caroline's face. “Well, Shanghai,” he said, “you're welcome to her.”

Bunty called on the Widow Dunnigan early that evening. He sighed contentedly as he settled down in a rocker on her front porch. How much better were the simple pleasures of life, after all, than the race for conquest and riches!

“Guess we might as well get married, Betty,” he remarked conclusively.

Betty laughed. “You're too late, Bunty,” she said. “I promised Jake Laster two weeks ago while you was a court-in' them other women by mail.”

Plenty to Talk About.

High up on the side of Cumberland mountain a traveler found a cabin in such a lonely place that he wondered how the old mountaineer and his wife entertained each other.

“Do you and your wife see many people here?”

“Scarcely ever see anybody, suh,” was his reply.

“Then you have to depend entirely upon yourselves for society?”

“That's it, suh.”

“And what do you find to talk about?” the visitor continued, having noticed that neither was inclined to conversation.

“What do we find, Martha?” he appealed to her.

“Heaps, I reckon,” she said. “When breakfast is ready in the morning I says to you to sot down to co'n coffee and hoeecake.”

“Yes.”

“When it's noon and you are hanging about I says that hoeecake and co'n coffee is ready.”

“Yes.”

“And when it's candlelight I sort of jerks my head, and you hitches up to sorghum and hoeecake and wants to know why we don't have bacon. Ain't that talk enough, stranger?”

“But there are the evenings,” said the traveler.

“Yes, that's the evenings, of co'se, and I says I reckon it will be a fine day tomorrow, and Jeb he reckons the same thing, and we wind up the clock and go to bed. Oh, I don't reckon we are suffering to death for the want of somebody to gab to.”—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cause For Thanks.

When Colonel “Joe” Riskey was quite a young man he had occasion to employ a lawyer to collect a bill against a business man with whom he had had a number of dealings. As he had never before retained counsel he went to the lawyer his father had always employed and placed the claim in his hands. The lawyer collected the amount, \$275, and notified young Riskey to call for the money. In due time he called, and, after waiting for some time, was shown into the private office.

“Good morning, Joseph,” said the lawyer. “I'm glad to see you are so prompt in attending to business. I have your money for you.”

Then ensued a general conversation for a few minutes, in which the lawyer said among other things: “Joseph, I knew your father well and for many years, and I knew your grandfather well and for almost as many years. They were fine men.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Riskey, “but as I am in a hurry, sir, I would like to get my money and go.”

“All right, Joseph. I will charge you seven money. I will take \$200 for my fee, and give you the \$75,” said the lawyer as he handed the money over.

“Very well, sir,” said Riskey, “and I am thankful you did not know my great-grandfather too.”

The Gentleman.

The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile consideration on persons or opinions or positions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force the word denotes good nature and benevolence, manhood first and then gentleness.—Emerson.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEWARK, N. J.

FREDERICK FREELINGHUYSEN, PRESIDENT.

ASSETS (Market Values) Jan. 1, 1903.....\$82,533,726 16
LIABILITIES.....76,178,960 43
SURPLUS.....6,354,765 73

Mutual Benefit Policies

CONTAIN

Special and Peculiar Advantages

Which are not combined in the policies of any other Company.

Stephen S. Day,

District Agent.

776 Broad St., Newark.

In Hot Weather

Drink the Best
BEER Only

—SUCH AS—

Peter Hauck's Light and Dark, and

C. Felgenspan's Export and P. O. N. Ale

Delivered at Your Residence

upon Thirty Minutes' Notice

A Complete Line of Wines and Liquors.

H. Snyder & Son,

279 Glenwood Avenue,

Phone 83-B. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THE VOLLMER,

Bloomfield Centre Studio,

WILL CLOSE July 3rd

And Being Closed One Week,

WILL REOPEN July 11th,

6.30 A. M.

Better prepared than ever to meet all future demands.

COLEMAN Business COLLEGE, Newark, N. J.
COR. ACADEMY & HALSEY STS.
One block rear of the Post-Office.
NEWARK, N. J.

Some Reasons Why You Should Attend the COLEMAN SCHOOL:

1. It is the best equipped private school in the State.
2. It employs the largest faculty of experienced teachers.
3. It will give you the most for your money in the least time.
4. It fills more positions at better pay than any other school in New Jersey.
5. It is the OLDEST, LARGEST, BEST school in the East.

School open the year round.

Write for Catalogue and Booklet.

Established 1862. Incorporated 1888.

H. COLEMAN, President,

J. KUGLER, Jr., Principal.

GEO. RIKER & SON,

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS.

OFFICE:

276 GLENWOOD AVE.,

OFF. B. L. & W. R. R. DEPOT.

Residence, 76 Washington Avenue

TELEPHONE No. 47-A.

Chemicals. Colors. Dyes.

INK

Used in Printing this Paper

IS MANUFACTURED BY

J. M. HUBER,

275 Water St.,

NEW YORK.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISON WITH ANY STORE IN NEW YORK

Hahne & Co.

NEWARK, N. J.

VARIETY AS GREAT—PRICES AS LOW AS ANY NEW YORK STORES.

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

With loud blasts of trade trumpets heralding the numerous clearing sales and the noise and din of this great mercantile battle, 'tis little wonder the buying public has become a trifle bewildered.

There is no hesitancy, however, among the “wise” ones, who from past experiences have learned where to come the year 'round for good honest values in reliable merchandise. This store has been and always will be conducted upon modern liberal methods, and if you buy anything here that isn't just as good as we represent—if we have overstated a single point—please bring it back and let us return your money.

A REMINDER—This Store not open Friday nights and will be closed Saturdays at 1 P. M. during July and August.

DON'T FORGET THE BAND CONCERTS NEXT FRIDAY MORNING AND AFTERNOON—Music by Sweet's Concert Band.

The July Furniture Sale.

This great event is proving a rousing success, and having passed the quarter post, is now swinging along at a pace that bids fair to outdistance all previous records in the history of retail Furniture Selling. The immensity, variety and quality of the collection, together with the low prices, form a combination unsurpassed by any store in the country—and the rapidity of our sales is indisputable evidence that we are selling cheaper because we are selling more.

Our own manufactured bedding stock is included in the sale.

You Can Select Goods Now and We Will Store for Future Delivery.

Wash Fabrics.

Printed Batiste, white and tinted grounds, stripes, dots, small designs and all over effects. A choice line of designs to select from, 30 inches wide.

White Lace Striped Lawn, 30 of this season's best styles. A very adaptable fabric for shirt waists and shirt waist suits. 27 inches wide.

Main Floor.

Summer Silks.

Taffetalines, all silk, in a complete line of light and dark shades, black and white. Very desirable fabric for drop skirts or outside wear. Excellent finish, good firm cloth.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE AT 35c YARD.

Liberty Satins, all silk, for street and evening wear, all the new and most favored colors, also white, cream and black, high lustre, soft finish, very desirable for dress wear.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE AT 50c A YARD.

Summer Housefurnishings.

Our big, cool basement is just brimful of splendid bargains in the very things most needed for the Summer home—the best always, at the least cost.

Governor Refrigerators—Best made. If you don't know 'em come in and get acquainted. 15.39

Brooklyn Blue Flame Oil Ranges—Including 2 gallon heavy wood jacket oil cans, 3 burners, special. 8.25

Gem Ice Cream Freezers—2 quart, every body knows them, special. 1.79

Screen Doors—Fancy doors, well made, regular 1.19. 98c

Gas Ranges—2-hole top, asbestos lined ovens, with 8 feet patent end double dipped covered gas tubing. 5.49

Peerless Iceland Ice Cream Freezers—Ice Chopper with each one of these, 4 quart, special. 2.39

Lawn Mowers—The Dewey—a light running 4-blade warranted Mower with adjustable handle, choice of 12, 14, 16 or 18 inch. 3.19

The Wilke Porcelain and Crystal Refrigerators—This is our third season—over 500 sold in our territory; either porcelain outside or enameled finished oak exterior, lined with either 1/2 inch glass or tile. Upward from 44.98

Japanese Straw Porch Seats—Good size, each. 5c

Walnut Stained Window Frames—36x42 inches, all complete except wire. 17c

IMPORTANT.

You can telephone orders from any summer resort to any of our departments and receive intelligent information to inquiries, and prompt delivery is assured.

On all purchases of 5.00 or more (except when sent C. O. D.) we prepay freight to any railroad station in these States: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania.

ALL MAIL AND TELEPHONE ORDERS RECEIVE CAREFUL ATTENTION.

Free Deliveries by Our Wagons and to All Railroad Stations in New Jersey.

HAHNE & CO. | Newark, N. J. | HAHNE & CO.

Chas. W. Martin,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL GROCER.

SPECIALTIES:

Choice Teas and Coffees. CREAMERY and DAIRY BUTTER.

Telephone No. 90-A.

GEORGE SCHERER'S

Barber Shop

296 GLENWOOD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Best Equipped Tonsorial Establishment in Town. Sanitary Laws Strictly Complied With.

Sterilized Cup, Razor and Hair Brush Used on Each Customer.

RAZORS SHARP AND HONED. Children's Hair Cutting a Specialty.

Health! Rest! Recreation!

are assured under the most favorable conditions at

Cambridge Springs, PENNSYLVANIA,

midway between Chicago and New York, on the

Erie Railroad.

You ought to know all about it.

Erie booklet, “The Bethesda of the Middle West,” on application to the Ticket Agent or D. W. Cooke, General Passenger Agent, New York.

